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# ATLANTIC FISHMAN

Registered U. S. Patent Office

Vol. III.

MARCH, 1922

No. 2



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## Not A "Trade Paper"

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is a paper for fishermen—producers—the men who actually fish for a living. It does not purpose to cover the fish trades; nor does it wish to be looked upon as a "trade paper". Rather do we like to think of it as a home paper for fishermen.

Our first care is that its pages be readable, for we believe that matters of human interest and practical vocational help are more to be desired by our readers than stereotyped "trade notes" and dry-as-dust statistical matter.

We want it to be regarded as a steady and reliable source of information, profit and entertainment by that vast army of 150,000 workfolk which constitutes our field.

## Atlantic Fisherman

A "FARM" JOURNAL FOR THE HARVESTERS OF THE SEA

MARCH, 1922

VOL. III, No. 2

David O. Campbell.....Pres. and Treas.

Frank Arnold.....Manager

Arthur W. Brayley.....Editor

Published Monthly by  
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100 Boylston Street

Boston

Massachusetts

A Dollar a Year

Ten Cents a Copy

Entered as Second Class Matter August 25, 1921, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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To take advantage of this guarantee subscribers must always state in writing to or talking with any of our advertisers: "I saw your advertisement in ATLANTIC FISHERMAN".

## "LITERALLY SWAMPED"

IN our January issue we called the attention of you fishermen to the mightily attractive calendar the Columbian Rope people were putting out and suggested that you send for one, but to be quick about it, for the supply was limited.

Those who sent and did not get one will better understand the reason after reading the following letter:

Atlantic Fisherman,  
Gentlemen:—

We have your letter of February 17th with request attached for one of our 1922 Columbian calendars. We were very sorry to be unable to comply with this request, but frankly we are placing the blame for it upon you and your publication.

We are quite convinced that the Atlantic Fisherman is a well read publication for within two weeks after the announcement of our calendar in your columns, we were literally swamped with requests from fishermen in every town and village along the coast. The result was that our limited supply was soon exhausted and since then we have had to send out nothing but letters of regret, together with a copy of our miniature desk calendar, one of which we are enclosing in this letter.

Yours very truly,

COLUMBIAN ROPE COMPANY.

## TRY US OUT

THERE have been a number of fishermen write in for information relating to their trade, and in all cases we have been able to give them just about what they wanted. Now, while we don't claim to know everything about fishing, we do know how to dig up the information asked for.

The other day a man from the Cape wrote in wanting to know something about the throw-bait method of seining mackerel as practiced in the vicinity of Newport, and the kind of gear used. A day or two after writing him on the subject we received the following letter:

"Let me thank you for your careful and valuable answer to my inquiry in regard to seining. You gave me just the 'dope' I wanted. Thank you very much."

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We want all you fishermen to feel free to write us at any time on any subject. We want you to look upon our office as a clearing house for all matters relating to the fishing industry.

## SEA LANES

By Burt Franklin Jenness

(Courtesy of the Cornhill Company)

THERE'S a road that winds across the world,  
With never a home to left or right;  
Where never a friendly smoke has curled  
Above a vagrant's fire at night,  
And never the warmth of a gypsy camp,  
With shelter, and cup to quench the thirst;  
Where never a man should choose to tramp  
But breaks his fetters of durance first.

The cross-roads lead to reach and rack;  
The by-paths end on many a shore  
And yet there's never a rut or track  
To tell who tramped the road before.

With never a milestone on the way,  
Or friendly tavern to greet the sight;  
With only the sun to guide by day,  
And a single star, perhaps, at night.  
It stretches away to meet the sky,  
This road that never ends at all  
And up where the meteors blaze and die  
It catches the star dust when they fall.

Beside this road, with never a breach,  
Are waving fields of tropic blue,  
And stretching as far as the eye can reach

The flowering crests of emerald hue,  
With cool dark furrows that lie between,  
And like vast fields of cotton bloom  
On slender stalks of watery green,  
The tossing combers blown with spume.

The lore of the road is free to all,  
For nature's book is there to read;  
But woe to him that hears the call  
And takes the road—but does not heed—

For here is a wild and luring trail  
Leading away from the haunts of men;  
Out to the home of the gull and the whale,  
And never leading back again.

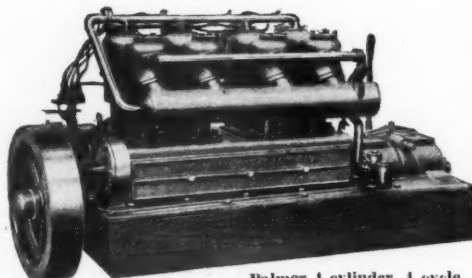
## JUST AS SUBSTANTIAL AS THEY APPEAR



HERE is a snap-shot, taken some few years ago, of Doctor George Wilton Field (left)—who has recently been spoken of as the successor of Doctor Hugh M. Smith, federal commissioner of fisheries—and of Hon. M. H. Nickerson (right), fish commissioner of Nova Scotia. The canning of dogfish is the topic under discussion by this stalwart pair, than whom on fishery matters there ain't any thanwhomers nowhere.

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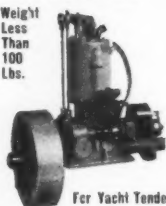
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# ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

The Only Publication Devoted Exclusively to the Fishing Interests of the Atlantic Seaboard

Vol. III.

BOSTON, MASS., MARCH, 1922.

No. 2

## The First of the New Contenders Launched

Puritan Takes the Water March 15 — A Comparison of the New Vessels

By CAPTAIN CHARLTON L. SMITH

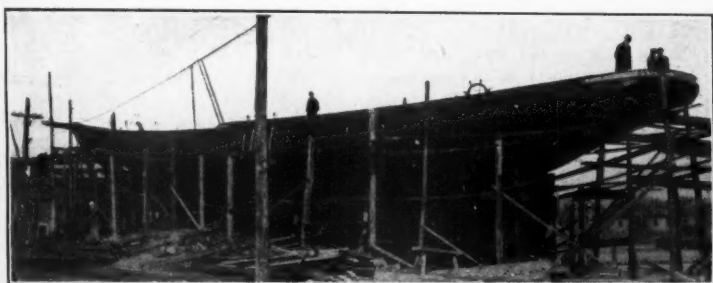
ALL roads led to Essex on the morning of Wednesday, the 15th of March. Despite the fact that the newspapers had announced the launching for Thursday at 2 P. M., there was a large crowd,

Jacob; Archer Poland, the man who draughts all the vessels built at Essex; many business men from Gloucester, and last, but not least, came the oldest inhabitant. He had not left his farm for over a year,

writer about the merits of the new vessel. He has his own ideas, for he was a shipwright more years than the entire lifetime of most men.

Soon the Boston tug Confidence, Captain Dan Sullivan, and the Beverly boat Eveleth, Captain Andrew Jacobs, were seen over the miles of salt marsh as they were guided by pilot Thayles Cook up the winding river. Then Captains Jeff Thomas and Ben Pine, the managing owner, got their crowd of guests aboard the new flier ready for the christening.

For some time carpenters had been busy with mauls loosening keel blocks, and builder Everett James had ubiquitiously seen to every detail under and around the vessel's bottom, which rested, now, nearly wholly on poppets set up on a pair of greased bilge ways. Suddenly a few minutes before high noon the shout arose, "She's off!" Miss Ray Adams, a young guest of Ben Pine's, broke the bottle on the bow. With great



PURITAN  
Built for the Manta Club, Gloucester

estimated by many as numbering close to 2,000, long before the builder's time for the event, which was set for 11 A. M. Automobiles lined the road and were parked at every conceivable open grass plot from South Essex to beyond Story's yard in the town proper. It was a mild day with alternate gray streaks and bursts of sunshine.

Prominent men in marine circles met, shook hands and discussed the merits of the new beauty. Such experts as the much-loved "Marty" Welch, Charlie Harty, John Matheson, Clayton Morrissey, Elroy Prior, Gus Hall, Charles Snellen, Roy Patten, and, of course, Jeff Thomas, were amongst the skippers noticed. Frank C. Palne and Francis Herreshoff, from the office of the designers; David Simpson, the genial ship broker, who never misses a launching; Arthur Story and his son

but simply had to go to this launching. Henry Andrews, uncle of Archer Poland, is hale and hearty at 92½, is chipper and nimble as a schoolboy, and talked animatedly with the



TWO PROMINENT FIGURES AT LAUNCHING  
Capt. "Marty" Welch      Capt. Jeff Thomas

rapidity the Puritan slid majestically down the steep decline into Essex river. It was a beautiful sight.

The writer had been requested to attend the launching and to compare the two vessels that have been taking shape so near each other—the Puritan at J. F. James & Son's and the, as yet, nameless schooner, from Captain McManus' design at A. D. Story's. The task is a difficult one, for

in the Ghost, Gypsy, Lethe and other small craft. It aided greatly in giving a long bottom. This feature should ease any tendency of Mayflower to gripe and thereby drag her rudder. It should help wonder fully when running with a quartering wind and sea.

The lack of attention paid by newspapers, magazines and, in consequence thereof, by the public in

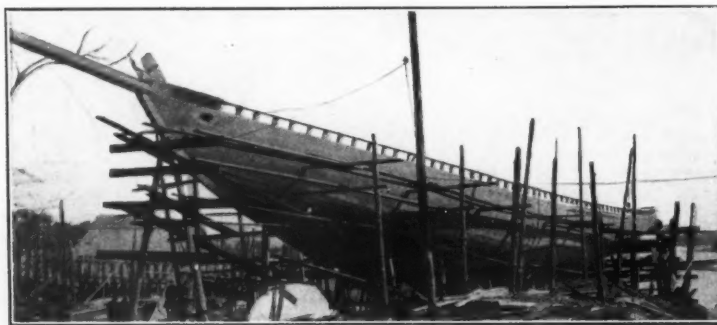
If Puritan in her fresh coat of bronze green top sides, black bulwarks, gold stripe and reddish bottom, is a beautifully turned model, what of the only partially painted craft at the town end of the bridge at Essex?

"A very similar vessel," you say at a quick glance when you enter the yard. But get nearer. Scan her carefully. See those bilges that, thought high enough to have frightened the master mariner of not so many years ago, are yet harder than Puritan's. They continue aft and end at a stern that keeps its beam pretty well. With less rake to the transom than has been the vogue in fishing schooners, there is a suggestion in the flattened, long, overhanging counter of the Mayflower.

Comparing this model with Puritan's we see, as can be seen in Mayflower, the individuality of the designer. The exquisite skill with which beauty and apparent fineness of model have blended into them the rugged qualities that go to make an exceedingly able vessel is manifested physically and mentally in the genial, white-haired designer. Thomas McManus is an artist, an idealist, with a pencil; he is a virile, rough and ready, unassuming companion. Who other than one of his race could blend with the graces so inscrutably all that is vigorous. He was a neighbor for years of a famous Celt who illustrates this, who wrote the tenderest verses in the English language, yet was an authority on the art of boxing. This man, of course, was John Boyle O'Reilly.

In strong breezes it would seem that the McManus vessel should dispose of Puritan easily, for she will "stand up and wear her duds". Mayflower is a dark horse and it is hard to get a line on her. Puritan, Ben Pine and his 14 associates deserve all the kind things we can say about them. Captain Pine, Marlon J. Cooney and Phillip P. Manta especially so, for their public spirit and live-wire energy in organizing the Manta Club, the vessel's owners. The club's roster is as follows:

Captain of the Puritan, Jeffrey Thomas; managing owners, Captain Benjamin Pine and Marlon J. Cooney; members, Phillip P. Manta, Alexander McDonald, Herman Winnerberg, Captain Robert Wharton, Manuel Capelio, Mr. Fuller, Captain James Mason, Captain Carlson, Steele & Abbott, Captain William Thomas and George Roberts.



**CAPT. MORRISSEY'S NEW SCHOONER**  
They Say She'll Give Them All a Rub

the exceedingly likable Mr. William Starling Burgess is a friend of over 15 years' standing, and the jovial Captain Thomas F. McManus has been a friend since boyhood. I shall give, nevertheless, a frank opinion of both vessels.

Puritan, both in the water and out, is as pretty as a picture. The ordinary observer, as well as many experts in marine affairs, will call her finer in appearance than Mayflower. But barring, perhaps, a thresh dead to the windward in a heavy sea, it would not be surprising if the dark horse of last year's vicissitudes were a faster craft. It will be well to watch the slightly larger Mayflower.

The older vessel shows the individuality of her designer to a marked degree. In the new vessel it is not so noticeable. High, slack bilges feature both designs, especially Puritan's, with reminders of Little Hope and Ghost very apparent in the whittled-away, sweet, clean, long floor of Mayflower. The two craft just mentioned were yachts which Mr. Burgess designed. They were built at the yard of Burgess & Packard.

This high-bilged, clean, concaved, long floor is to be seen in the model of the famous old yacht America. But it probably was never worked out so symmetrically and so beautifully as Mr. Burgess treated it in the Mayflower

Then, too, Mayflower's ugly, chopped-off transom. This was used by her designer to great advantage

general of the magnificent schooner building at A. D. Story's would seem singular, to say the least. Captain (he has a right to the title; ask him) Thomas F. McManus is the designer, and she is the chef-d'oeuvre of the man who has designed more fishing



**CAPT. BEN PINE**

vessels than any other person on this planet.

Fast vessels and beauties have the McManus craft been, 417 of them up to last fall when last I talked with him. Like his opponent, Mr. Burgess, Tom is tasty with a pencil. He comes naturally by it. It is a family trait, shared also by his late brothers, George and Charley.

# A Winter's Trip to the Banks

Log of the Boston Flyer Mayflower in Action as Recorded by Roy W. Pigeon

## III.

IT takes 25 minutes to make a double bank set with 20 dories. Once the dories were over one would think the skipper could relax a bit, but that is not the case, for his worries are just commencing, and he is a bunch of nerves until the dories

hauled their trawls they can put up their small sails and sail down to the schooner before the wind. A dory is equipped with oars and sails, a bucket, a jug of water and a compass; 2,000 fish can be put into the bottom of these dories in good weather with ease.

In a short time we noticed the sails being put up in the dories and they start to leeward towards the schooner with their haul. As they near the schooner they take down the sails and row alongside, each to his respective side, and the cook, bo'son and skipper stand ready to catch the painter. Pitchforks are thrown aboard the dory and the fish are thrown into pens on the deck, made ready by the bo'son during the absence of the dories. Pens are divided on each side of the schooner for cod, haddock and mixed fish so that there is no delay in pitching the fish aboard. The dory is then hoisted back into its nest and another dory takes its place along the side, and so on, until the 20 dories are nested and lashed down in position. The skipper then draws a long breath and relaxes. His worries are over for the time being, at least.

Dinner is announced and the crew lose no time in taking advantage of the meal. The first set did not amount to more than 8,000 pounds, so the skipper decides to change the ground to the eastward to the West-

ern or Sable Island Banks. As soon as the crew comes up from dinner the fish are dressed, washed and sent below to be iced up.

At 2 P. M. the weather looked bad. The mainsail is ordered down and a single reef tucked in. So 20 busy hands get to work and soon a reef has been neatly made. By this time the wind had so increased that the skipper decided not to hoist the mainsail at all, so it was securely tied up for the night.

At 10 P. M. the wind commenced to breeze west-northwest, and the sea got rougher and rougher. The jumbo was ordered lowered and we sailed along under foresail until 4 A. M. Saturday morning when the wind began to screech and we were in the midst of a 75-mile hurricane. The wheel was ordered lashed and we jogged in the direction of Sable Island.

At 1.30 soundings were taken and we found we were nearing Sable Island bar where the Esperanto and many other staunch, able ships had laid their bones. Orders were given to tack ship, the wheel was unlashed, the schooner kept off to get good headway and the attempt was made to tack. We were met, however, by three tremendous seas, one after the other, which smashed into

(Continued on page 13).



GOING ALOFT TO REPLACE  
BROKEN SHACKLE.

are safely nested again on deck, for many a man has been lost on the banks by the rising of a sudden storm or the shutting in of a thick fog, all of which is very apt to happen out there on the banks at this time of year in a very few minutes. So the skipper watches every change in the sky and every movement of the glass as he paces nervously across the deck.

On board with the skipper are the cook and a spare hand, and it is up to them to handle the schooner. One hour elapses from the time the dories have all been lowered and so the signal is given by blowing the fog-horn to start hauling in the trawls. From each end of the trawls, the husky crew begin to pull. The schooner is run to leeward of the dories so that after the boys have



THE FISH ARE WASHED, DRESSED AND SENT BELOW.



# The Modus Vivendi

## V.

By M. H. Nickerson.

THE protocol set forth as follows: "The treaty having been signed, the British plenipotentiaries desire to state that they have been considering the position which will be created by the immediate commencement of the fishing season before the treaty can possibly be ratified by the Senate of the United States, by the Parliament of Canada and by the Legislature of Newfoundland. In the absence of ratification, the conditions which have given rise to so much friction and irritation, might be revived and might interfere with the unprejudiced consideration of the treaty by the legislative bodies concerned. Under these circumstances, and with the further object of affording evidence of their anxious desire to promote good feeling and to remove all possible subjects of controversy, the British plenipotentiaries are ready to make the following temporary arrangement for a period not exceeding two years in order to afford a 'modus vivendi' pending the ratification of the treaty.

"For a period not exceeding two years from the present date, the privilege of entering the bays and harbors of the Atlantic coasts of Canada and Newfoundland shall be granted to United States fishing vessels by annual licenses at the rate of \$1.50 per ton for the following purposes:

"1. The purchase of bait, ice, seines, lines and all other supplies and outfits, transshipment of catch and shipment of crews.

"2. If, during the continuance of this arrangement the United States should remove the duties on fish, fish oil, whale and seal oil, with their coverings, packages, etc., the said license shall be issued free of charge.

"3. United States fishing vessels entering the bays and harbors of the Atlantic coast of Canada or of Newfoundland for any of the four purposes mentioned in article 1 of the convention of October 20, 1818, and not remaining therein more than twenty-four hours, shall not be required to enter or clear at the customs house provided that they do not communicate with the shore.

"4. Forfeiture to be exacted only for the offence of fishing or preparing to fish in territorial waters.

"5. This arrangement to take effect as soon as the necessary measures can be completed by the colonial authorities.

"Signed { J. Chamberlain,  
L. S. Sackville-West,  
Charles Tupper.

"Washington, D. C., Feb. 15, 1818."

"The American plenipotentiaries, having re-

ceived the communication of the British plenipotentiaries of this date conveying their plan for the administration to be observed by the governments of Canada and Newfoundland in respect of the fisheries during the period which may be requisite for the consideration by the Senate of the treaty this day signed, and the enactment of the legislation by the respective governments therein proposed, desire to express their satisfaction with the manifestation of an intention on the part of the British plenipotentiaries by the means referred to, to maintain the relation of good neighborhood between the British possessions in North America and the United States; and they will convey the communication of the British plenipotentiaries to the President of the United States with a recommendation that the same may be by him made known to the Senate for its information, together with the treaty when the latter is submitted to that body for ratification.

"Signed { T. F. Bayard,  
William L. Putnam,  
James B. Angell.

"Washington, D. C., Feb. 15, 1818."

(To be continued)

### LUNENBURG COOKS STRIKE

THE spring trip of the Lunenburg fishing fleet was held up for a while by the demands of the cooks for a raise in wages. The pay has been \$125 per month, but that is now considered too low for the present living standard, and the men are asking for \$150 per month. There was a threat by the owners to procure outside help, and some Newfoundland fishermen did engage at Lunenburg, but the matter was finally settled on the old lines.

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# Who's Who Among the Skippers

By CAPTAIN CHARLTON L. SMITH

**I**F business causes you to take a trip to Gloucester, the chances are that upon reaching your destination you'll follow the unused street car tracks until they turn, at the old Mason House, into Main street.

But we don't bother with trains, and our business was not in the crowded hives of men. We used the car tracks merely as a guide and turned at the first right into Commonwealth avenue. Here, the climbing proclivities of our little sedan, of a not unknown make, soon brought us to the summit of what seemed a young mountain—it surely is a goodly sized hill.

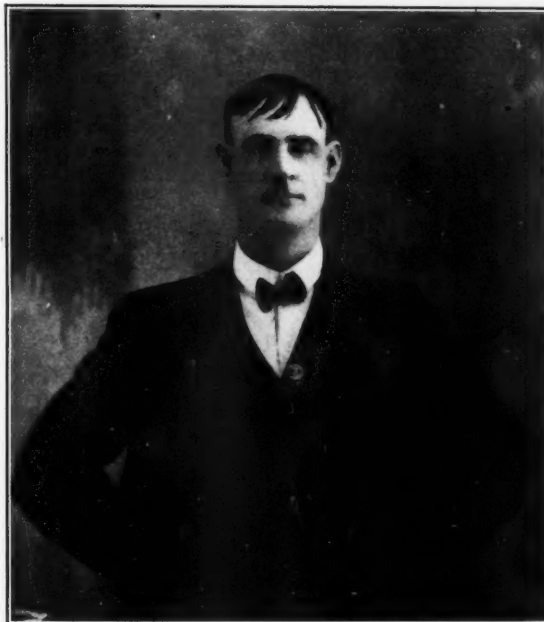
Up some granite steps that led to a hard-rolled walk through a well-kept lawn, far back from the larger houses which face the avenue, we came to a pretty cottage resplendent with fresh coats of paint. This cosy home with its fine view of the ocean, Squam river and the adjacent country, belongs to Captain Clayton Morrissey.

The captain was at church, but his good wife, a motherly and exceedingly pleasant lady, made us feel at home immediately. She and her younger son—a handsome lad of 12—showed us pictures of vessels and of members of the family.

Arethusa, the fine, large, McManus-designed schooner, of which Captain Morrissey was principal owner and commander, stood out prominently, under full sail, on the canvas of a large oil painting. On the opposite wall of the parlor, in a corner where it got good light from two windows, hung the portrait of a beautiful young lady, the captain's sister. It was for her, when he was 21 years old, that his first vessel was named—the Effie M. Morrissey.

Singular, but it's true, most of the skippers, and, indeed, nearly all the men who go down to the sea in these fishing ships are of the tall, broad-shouldered, frank-visaged variety. Captain Morrissey is one of these; one with whom you feel at ease the moment you meet him. Forty-eight years old, hard as nails, determined, good natured, he looks forward with a boy's enthusiasm to the performances of his magnificent schooner now nearly ready for launching at A. D. Story's yard at Essex.

**Naming His Vessel the Henry Ford Doesn't Mean She'll Be a Flivver, No-Sir-ee!**



CAPTAIN CLAYTON MORRISSEY

That this latest, beautiful offspring of the brain of the wonderful Captain Thomas F. McManus will not suffer from poor handling is assured. Vigor and skill from an exceptionally able and successful master mariner will tune the new vessel up. Just ponder his record!

Nearly his whole 48 years afloat, master at 21, skipper of the gilt-edged schooners Effie M. Morrissey, Joseph Rowe, Lizzie Stanley, Elector, Harry A. Nickerson, Louis H. Giles, Procoin and the first beam trawler ever owned at Gloucester—the large steamer Walrus.

This sterling good fellow is blessed with a son of 20, a girl of 14, a boy of 12, another girl of 11 and (in spite of repetition) a most estimable wife. Such is the home environment of Captain Clayton Morrissey.

---

## A Real Fishermen's Regatta

Mr. M. H. Nickerson conceived the idea of an international fishermen's motor boat race. The enthusiasm with which the idea has been received by our northern neighbors is indicated in the following article. Let's hear from the fishermen of Maine. - Ed.

**T**HE projected international power boat regatta finds favor everywhere. And Digby, N. S., is acknowledged to be the proper sheet of water for pulling off such a grand affair. As a feeler, I put a query up to Mayor Du Vernet of Digby, and this is the way he takes hold of the idea:

Digby, N. S., March 3, 1922.

M. H. Nickerson, Esq., Boston, Mass.:

Dear Sir—Since receiving your letter of Feb. 16th re the holding of an international lobster power boat race in Digby Basin, I have

(Continued on Page 14)

# LOBSTER NOTES

## A LUCKLESS LOBSTER SEASON

THE first month of this year's lobster season for Nova Scotia makes an extremely poor record thus far. The arrivals from Yarmouth on the several dates given have been as follows: March 4, one package; 8th, 39 packages; 11th, 75 packages; 14th, 280 packages; 16th, 295 packages; 22th, 159 packages—making a total of 849 packages. Last year at this time the receipts from the same quarter were over 3,000 cases. Boisterous weather causes the shortage. Even the shipment which should have come by the boat on the 22nd inst. seemed to be hoodooed. A heavy gale cut off connections with Yarmouth by the little coastal steamers, and down-shore lots were transferred to the train, which got derailed on the road to Yarmouth and the lobster freight was belated.

Lobster fishermen in Halifax county complain bitterly that the breed is being destroyed by the boiling of baby specimens at the canneries. There is no size limit by law, and hence no protection for the immature lobsters. Whether this unlimited slaughter will clean up the grounds or not, it is a great pity that the government and its "commission of conservation" permit it to go on unchecked. They have made a law forbidding men to shoot a full-fledged sea duck or coot, for sentimental reasons, while they sanction the waste of the very means of life when it comes to the lobster industry. To catch eight-inch lobsters worth four cents each, which the next year would bring half a dollar is just the same as cropping potatoes when they are the size of a Concord grape!

## SMALL TAKES IN NOVA SCOTIA

REPORTS from Nova Scotia indicate that lobstering during the first 15 days of the open season has been a sore disappointment to the fishermen of that province. The weather has been the chief cause of the poor catches. One fisherman at Clark's Harbor set 113 traps and caught three small lob-

sters. A Yarmouth fisherman, working a string of 60 traps, stated he did not secure in two haulings a crate of lobsters, while at Sanford 10 boats, hauling between 400 and 500 traps, made up for a week a shipment of one barrel and one crate of lobsters.

So far as the Halifax coast is concerned, the harbors and bays are still full of ice, and very few traps will be set before the first of April. A Sambro fisherman told the Herald that he does not anticipate even an average year for lobsters, owing to the weather conditions which are using up the open season. He thinks the mackerel will be along this year earlier than usual, as "signs" are already reported from Gloucester and the Southern fleet there is getting ready for the season's work.

## ALMOST A FAMINE

THE first part of this month witnessed the nearest approach to a lobster famine in the Boston market that the oldest dealer remembers. It was expected that the supply would be plentiful when shipments from Yarmouth began. The weather was mild, and the prospect was fair. So every dealer cleaned up his stock on hand to be ready for the anticipated rush. It didn't materialize, and the market for bareness beat Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and prices for a while soared to the zenith. The tension has now eased up greatly, and the sagging in quotations will doubtless soon begin.

The slack time among lobstermen is still on along the shores of the Sound. Nothing has come as yet from Noank, Tiverton, Newport and other points. They will get busy before long. That calling in those waters of late years is pushed with far more vim than formerly.

The new extension of the season on the Digby shore from Jan. 15 to March 1 did not pan out as well as expected. For that six weeks' interval, the shipment of live lobsters totalled only 80 packages. No canning was done in that district.

For a like period on the heel of the old year, namely, from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15, the live exports from Yarmouth to Boston amounted to 8,450 packages. The world can see which was the error of judgment.

## LOBSTER NOTES

The first two weeks of the Nova Scotia lobster season, which opened this month, are notable for the scantiest doings in that quarter on record for the time of year. Up to the 15th, the total receipts at Boston by the Yarmouth boats were 395 packages. The first shipment in March last year brought in 314 packages. The shortage is caused by the prevailing rough weather. At last accounts the catches on the Cape Shore were beginning to look up.

Lobstering activity begins in Maine rather earlier than usual this spring. Generally, the boats get down to real business about the first days of April. They have been tending right to the work since the middle of March, and in some localities earlier than that. The hauls, as a rule, are fairly good.

There is nothing doing in local lobster fishing at present. Fishermen on the Brewsters have made but few trials of the grounds as yet, and with rather poor results. Some of those men declare that since the big gale last month lobsters have not been crawling, but have burrowed into the muddy bottom instead.

First arrivals of live lobsters from Nova Scotia are in pretty good condition this spring. There are two reasons for this: The weather here was just right for receiving a medium temperature, and the few packages at each trip was favorable to stowage without smothering.

The schooner Mary E. O'Hara, the latest addition to Boston's fishing fleet, is being rigged and outfitted for its maiden voyage. It is scheduled to engage in the handline cod fishery in a few days in command of Captain "Glen" Dobson. Another schooner, the Lark, will be completed for O'Hara Bros. in May.

## Captain Peeples Replies to "Critic"

Editor, ATLANTIC FISHERMAN:

Another critic takes a slam at the fishing industry.

Under the caption, "What's Wrong with the Gloucester Schooner," the February issue of your magazine carries an article from the inspired pen of L. Francis Herreshoff, yacht designer and self-constituted authority on design and construction of Gloucester fishing vessels.

This gentleman charges, among other things, that our proud fishing fleets, owing to inferior construction, rule of thumb design, etc., are the nightmare of the insurance companies; that owing to lack of paint on timbers and inside planking, they soon become rotten in the bilge; that they cannot be swung off or tacked without the aid of auxiliary motors; that it is hard to get anyone to put money into such death traps; and that little inducement is being offered young Americans to go to sea in such crates, the average life of which is not more than seven years.

Well! Well! Shades of Tommy Bohlin and all other departed fishermen! Isn't this enough to make you turn over in your graves? Is it possible that there are men on our Atlantic seaboard who know so little about the Gloucester fishing schooner? If there are, it is well to inform them that the Maine and Massachusetts designed and built fishing schooner is not only the best constructed, but the finest sea boat in the world.

As an all-around fisherman of 49 years' experience in the Gloucester fisheries, who as master and man has sailed in all types and sizes of its fishing vessels, I think I may fairly qualify as of some authority on matters of this nature.

To say that the average life of our Gloucester schooners is not more than seven years is so ridiculous as scarcely to deserve answering; but just to show the gentleman how little he knows about the fishing vessel, I will cite two or three incidents in my experience to show that his statements are absolutely without foundation.

January 18, 1903, in command of schooner Orpheus, 88 tons net register, salt bulk herring, laden for Gloucester, we sailed from Bay of Islands, on the west coast of Newfoundland. Referring to official log book, I find that on January 19, running under reefed foresail, wind east

northeast, thick snow made close packed field ice, bearing dead ahead.

Lowering our foresail in order to reduce our speed, we entered the floe under bare poles, and, believe me, for a while there was something doing. Fortunately, the belt of ice was not more than five miles in width, and we soon worked through to clear water. The wind shifting to northwest and increasing in force, we were obliged to lie 50 hours under double reefed foresail with the temperature at 11 degrees F. This is no exaggeration, but a statement of bare facts. The Orpheus at that time was around 14 years old, rule of thumb designed, and no paint that I know of on either timbers or keelson.

Again in 1905, schooner Saladin, 91 tons, lying at Middle Arm, Bay of Islands, west northwest hurricane, parted both anchor chains and was driven on the beach.

After discharging a part of our cargo of herring, assisted by U. S. Ship Potomac, floated and proceeded to sea January 16, arriving at Gloucester without further mishap—another rule of thumb. I am not sure about the paint, but think she was over the average age limit.

We could cite numerous instances of this nature, but what's the use? We could tell Mr Herreshoff of 12-ton boats loaded with ice weathering 80-mile hurricanes without losing a rope yarn—but, of course, he would not understand.

We could also tell him of racing from Bay of Islands in vessels loaded decks to the water and making good time at that.

Yes, real racing in zero weather, races that would make even the International series look like lawn parties.

No, Francis, there is nothing the matter with our Gloucester schooners. No need of gas motors to enable them to swing off or tack. I have seen them turn that trick in a whole gale under foresail alone.

Yes, vessels like the "Stiletto," "Oriole," "Clintonia," "Esperanto," "Elsie" and scores of others designed by Captain Tom McManus, than whom there is no more able authority on fishing vessels on the Atlantic coast.

To my mind, our chief trouble at present is not with our schooners, but with our business, due largely to the utterances of irresponsible individuals who might better be minding their own business.

As to inducing young Americans to take up fishing as an occupation, that, too, is a beautiful dream. No, he will never be attracted by even your most modern, scientifically designed and constructed schooners. We have one such craft in commission at the present time, and I'll wager a quart of Scotch against your weekly pay envelope, and that's giving you some odds, that she has not one in her entire crew.

The personnel of our fishing fleet, especially the deep sea craft, is and will continue to be made up of men from Newfoundland and the Provinces, with a sprinkling of Portuguese and Scandinavians, the finest seamen and best fishermen in the world.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE H. PEEPLES.

Gloucester, Mass, March 16, 1922.

## Another Reply

Noank, Conn., March 7, 1922.

Editor ATLANTIC FISHERMAN:

The article in the February issue of your publication entitled, "What's Wrong with the Gloucester Schooner?" I cannot let pass unchallenged.

As one who has had some experience as owner and master for 20 years of different vessels, of the "Gloucester schooner" I want to say there is nothing wrong.

While one with any knowledge of this type of vessel knows that if some of the statements are not false they are surely a distortion of facts, others under whose notice the article may come might be led to believe most fishermen go to sea in "death traps with rotten frames and planking only held together by Portland cement," that "they are so poorly balanced and clumsy that they can't be steered or swung off of the wind without their auxiliary motor going."

Now let us try and steer a true course as regards facts. The Gloucester schooners, by which is meant the vessels designed or modeled and built primarily for sailing, are the best built, ablest, most seaworthy, speediest, handsomest vessels in existence today. If not, would real men like Sir Thomas Lipton, of world yachting fame, give the splendid cup to the Cape Ann fishermen, which was won by the Rose Dorethea of Provincetown? Would all the songs and stories of the past of the Gloucester fishermen have been written? Would the wide interest in the International Fishermen's Races of the past two years have been shown

(Continued on Page 16).





# LIVE ISSUES for FISHERMEN

By

*M. H. Nickerson*

## RECIPROCITY ON THE TAPIS

IT looks as if Hon. W. S. Fielding, Canadian finance minister, had accomplished a little something by his late mission to Washington, despite certain discouraging newspaper reports, which are mere guess-work. It is not denied that his revival of the "reciprocity pact" and his representation of the case at Washington has awakened renewed interest on both sides of the border. The good seed which Mr. Fielding and the late Senator Knox sowed on the debatable ground in 1911 unfortunately fell on rainier hard soil among Canadian manufacturers, and instead of the then Liberal ministry bringing in the sheaves, they were turned out of office in the general election run on that great issue.

But the issue, in the minds of many, has survived all momentous changes which have taken place since. Mr. Fielding, its author and chief advocate, never relinquished the idea; and as soon as good fortune put him in position to renew the conversation with the Washington cabinet, he took up the parable not only with the state department, but with the President, so it appears, who would very likely accord a fair hearing to a proposition so broad, and calling for the exercise of progressive statesmanship. It is quite certain we shall hear more about it now that the Canadian parliament has been convoked, especially if Mr. Fielding brought back to his colleagues anything tangible to work on. There is, however, just a doubt whether a reciprocal measure of any kind will be considered till the impending tariff legislation at Washington has been disposed of. Then the coast will be clear, and both countries will have a better opportunity to compare notes. The grand obstacle to an amicable un-

derstanding is apt to be the United States farmers' bloc. Strangely enough, the same kind of bloc in Canada, with their stronghold in the Prairie Provinces, are clamorous for tariff reduction.

Quite apart from trade relations, in the ordinary sense, is the unsettled fishery question between the two neighboring nations. That might be dealt with on its own merits, and in a less formal way to begin with. The temporary arrangement made by the late International Conference has lapsed. But things go on about the same as before, more through negligence than good will or good management.

## OLD COLONY COMPACT

THE reported fishery arrangement between the United States and Newfoundland has just enough secrecy about it to arouse the curiosity, if not suspicion, of the North Sydney firms. Enquiry is afoot. This is the way I put it:

East Boston, Mass., Feb. 20, 1922.  
President Board of Trade,

North Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Dear Sir—Having been watching the trend of the fish trade between the Maritimes and the United States, for some time past, I was quite prepared for the bit of news contained in the attached clipping from the "Boston American."

I knew that, shortly after the Fordney bill was announced, delegates from Newfoundland were at Washington to negotiate some special arrangement, which would not only make the fish export from that colony exempt from the impending tariff, but would lead to certain franchises and privileges, for the furtherance of the contemplated trade, which would not be open to Nova Scotia, for instance.

I called the attention of the Cana-

dian government to these activities of the St. John's people, in which I suspected some New York parties were concerned; and I asked that steps should be taken to learn the nature of those overtures, or at least, I urged the advisability of the Ottawa authorities endeavoring to make some such terms with the United States, in behalf of our own country. The only satisfaction I could get from that quarter was a note to the effect that Canada had under consideration a new fishery understanding with the United States. I think there has been too much delay. The Newfoundlanders have evidently pre-empted the field!

As director of fisheries for Nova Scotia, and as one who is desirous of seeing your city, so favorably situated for such enterprise, making still further progress in developing the fish industry to the full, I am venturing to ask if you will, at the earliest convenience, put me in possession of more facts concerning this incident, and also to state what course your board intends to pursue in regard to it. From a mere paragraph like the enclosed, I cannot gather enough to be sure of my ground in case it should become necessary for me to enter appearance in favor of a fair showing for Nova Scotia in the matter of cheaper freight and express rates on the Canadian national lines.

Yours faithfully,

M. H. NICKERSON,

It brought a ready response as follows:

Dear Sir—We have received your kind letter and have immediately taken action. We will endeavor to supply you with the desired information.

Yours truly,

N. W. JUBIEN, President,  
No. Sydney Board of Trade

## A Winter's Trip to the Banks

(Continued from page 7).

our bows and killed our attempt so that off again we kept to get a headway, and another equally unsuccessful attempt was made, as the ever-increasing sea with tons of force would meet us and check our efforts.

"Well," said Larkin, "we will try again, and if we fail, we will jibe." So off again he swung and back he came with a little more speed, as he carefully watched to windward for a chance when the seas are a little bit less. Then he swings the wheel again and we turn our nose back into the heavy seas into the eye of the wind. We hover and shake here for a while and the crew remark: "Has she the legs to go?" Hard down goes the wheel, we pause and hold our breath, some one shouts: "She's over!" He is right—the foresail catches a full from the other side and we gradually pull away from the dreaded Sable Island bar. The wheel is again lashed and we go below, duly thankful that we are heading again in the right direction.

The Mayflower is badly trimmed by the head, which accounts for the three attempts we made before we were able to tack. A terrible, monotonous day and one full of worries for fear something might break, at least it was so to me. We struggle on through the gale. The wind shrieks; you can hear it coming a quarter of a mile away, and as it hits, forces us down through tons of water which pour over our leeward rail, and at the same time a heavy sea would hit us to windward and break over us with a noise like the discharge of a broadside of heavy guns. Then the water would run off the deck and the schooner would seem to shake herself free, like a dog just out of the water, and surge forward for another deluge.

I was thankful I saw the Mayflower built timber by timber, as that gave me a great deal of confidence. Night had shut in and the gale had not abated in the least, and so we turned in our bunks, imagining that we might perhaps get some sleep. My bunk on the leeward side was under water all night long and the sound of rushing water overhead and the heavy crash as it hit broadside

to windward did not give me much chance to sleep. The skipper was on deck at the least unexpected sound, and I hardly think he slept that night.

The crew found no trouble in getting forward and aft during the height of the gale. They simply watched their chance between the large waves and made a dash forward or aft. I pity the cook, as he had to stand up before a hot fire and prepare soups and other eatables for the ever-hungry crew. I cannot even imagine how he worked. Strong gear, staunch hull and husky crew, the doctor's orders for a winter's gale.

Sunday morning broke with no change in the weather except that the wind had changed to north-northeast and blew just as hard from that direction. The seas had increased, if anything, and we realized that we were in for another day of test on gear, hull and good nature. At noon the wind eased a trifle. The skipper ordered the ship about on the other hitch. We made one attempt and we did not succeed. There was a slight lull in the gale, boom tackle was ordered on the boom, and the skipper said that we must jibe. Taking a good chance between the puffs he made an easy jibe. Sighted a large school of blackfish close aboard.

A bluebird wearied by his long fight against the gale lit close by on deck. The skipper said that he would not live long, as he was about done for. I took him below in the cabin, thinking that perhaps the heat would revive him, but he died in a few hours.

The crew keep up their spirits by playing cards or by playing pranks on each other, chasing each other about the deck with wet gunny sacks. Dell, one of the crew, 6 feet 2 inches in height, tall and lanky, seemed to be the good-natured target for his mates. And so it is with Harv and Jerry, Danny or Jack, and perhaps mostly the skipper himself keeps poor Dell in hot water most of the time. But he takes it all in good fun. We turned in at 7 P. M. with the gale still blowing and a nasty sea to sleep through.

Thomas Edison says we need but four hours' sleep a night, but on a fishing trip you don't need any. Monday, Oct. 31st, the gale was still

with us, the same heavy, discouraging sea running, but it looks as though the sun might possibly get through the clouds, which would be mighty cheerful, as we hadn't seen the sun for a long time. The pumps are started every day to keep the water out of the hold and keep the schooner in as good trim as possible.

At noon the skipper takes the sun and finds we are in latitude 45.43 degrees and by sounding we determine our longitude and position on the chart. At 12.30 the sun came out brightly and the wind has the earmarks of diminishing. The skipper ordered one tub of trawls baited up and the crew jump with delight to the hatches, lift off the covers and hustle up the bait and hack with glee the frozen squid and bait up a tub of trawls in short order.

At 1.30 the wind had eased off at least half and the glass showed indications of clearing. "Two men to a dory! Ready!" cries the skipper. "Throw your anchor!" Down goes the first dory. We sweep by him and he is lost between two large seas. "Throw your anchor!" Down goes the second dory, and so we launch without mishap 10 dories in a rough sea, an almost impossible feat to one uninitiated. The skipper again is nervous, paces back and forth across the deck, and seems to lose his old self in anxiety for his crew. The weather is getting better all the time, the sun has a warm tinge to it, and in 40 minutes the signal is given to start hauling. Alongside they come with their catch, not very bulky, but mostly good steak cod that brings the highest price in the market. The fish are dressed and put below and by soundings we decide to change our position to a little deeper water.

The wind is diminishing very fast. Thousands of birds, winter gulls and hags, follow us as we dress our fish, fighting for the livers, and such a noise they make! You can't hear anything above the din. During the night the breeze died down to a flat calm, but not so the sea. I figured on a good sleep, but I don't think I closed my eyes, as the foresail slatted across the deck and with every slat you would almost think the deck was coming out. One continuous slat, bang, bang, all night long. It was almost unbelievable, and I really think of the two conditions the gale is preferable.

(To be continued)

## A Real Fishermen's Regatta

(Continued from Page 9)

been sounding the fishing interests to get their opinion as to its practicability. They say that such a race would indeed be a fine event, but that the word "lobster" should be replaced by the word "fishing," and that such boats should be limited to an overall length or not more than 30 or 40 feet, and not exceeding 10 or 12 horsepower.

Digby Basin would be an ideal place for such a race, as a triangular course could be laid out abreast the town where the race would be distinctly visible in its entire length.

Yours very truly,  
E. DU VERNET.

Sure thing, the intention was "fishing boats" in the general sense, so long as they conformed to the ordinary conditions for racing, and the limitations laid down in the mayor's letter would fit the occasion first rate. On the south shore of Nova Scotia the classy boats of that kind are adapted to the different branches of fishing, and they would come up to requirements. It remains for the fishing circles of Maine to take up the gauntlet when the time is ripe. Perhaps they would offer an opinion offhand through the columns of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN.

Another letter—this from Mayor King of An-

napolis, N. S.—further emphasizes the popularity of the idea of a fishermen's motor boat race:

Annapolis Royal, N. S., Mar. 18, 1922.

Mr. M. H. Nickerson, East Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir—I received your letter of February 18, and should have answered the same before now, but town affairs have taken a lot of my time lately.

I like your idea of a fishermen's race in motor boats, and our town would certainly be a grand finishing spot. With a race of that kind on Annapolis River, starting at Digby, crowds could follow by motor cars on both sides of the river, and see a grand finish from the Fort grounds. With the bridge now across the river at this spot, hundreds of motor cars could congregate at Victoria Beach on the Granville side, and at Smith's Cove on the Annapolis side, and follow the whole contest, watching the finish from the Fort grounds. August or early September would be a suitable time. Assuring you of my hearty co-operation,

Yours truly,  
CLAUDE C. KING, Mayor.

The Digby Weekly Courier, of recent date, thus announces the projected fishermen's regatta:

Digby is to be one of the great centres of attraction on this continent during this summer if the plans now being arranged in Boston come to ma-

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"From Raw Stock to Finished Product"

Manufacturers of

**Cotton Seine and  
Seaming Twines**

AND

**Cotton Pound Netting**

**New York Net and  
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MOODUS, CONNECTICUT



START OF A FISHERMEN'S MOTOR BOAT RACE AT CLARK'S HARBOR

turity as a company of business men and journalists interested in the fishing industry are arranging for an International Fishermen's Motor Boat race to take place on the beautiful Annapolis Basin, off Digby. It will be one of the biggest international races for commercial boats ever pulled off and will not take second place to even the international schooner race. As at present proposed the race will be confined to motor boats engaged in the fishing business and the size will be limited to not more than forty feet in length. Already great interest is being manifested in New England and New Brunswick and if the race is decided on there will be hundreds of boats here from all along the Atlantic seaboard as far as New York.

M. H. NICKERSON.





#### TRAWLER LORNA SPRINGS LEAK

**W**ITH her crew of two men worn out after battling for six hours against a steadily rising tide of water in their disabled craft, the gas fishing trawler Lorna was towed to Nantucket March 11 by the steamer Gay Head, Capt. Sandsbury.

The Lorna, a fair-sized boat engaged in transporting fish from Nantucket to the mainland, left New Bedford in the morning. When half way down, at about noon, the sheathing loosened and water poured in at an alarming rate. A high wind blew from the east and the sea was rough.

Harold Ryder and Dewey Mayo worked steadily at the pump, but water flowed in faster than they could pump it out. When they were abreast of the bell buoy on Tucker-nuck shoal, an hour's run from Nantucket, their engine died, leaving them at the mercy of the heavy seas. There they anchored and continued manning the pump.

After a few hours another fishing boat, the Alice May, Capt. Manuel Silva, attempted to come to the rescue, but on approaching her engine failed and Silva was compelled to anchor nearby for the night.

Shortly after 5 o'clock the Gay Head, plying between New Bedford and Nantucket, sighted the Lorna's distress signal and, after two unsuccessful attempts, got aboard a line, which held until the trip to shore was over. Ryder and Mayo were exhausted. The Lorna is the property of Ryder's father, Capt. E. Z. Ryder.

#### ST BERNARD SAVES "BUCK DAN"

**R**OVER, a St. Bernard dog, owned by Captain Michael Brophy of the fishing schooner Yankee, is credited by fishermen at the Boston Fish Pier, with having saved "Buck Dan," a Fish Pier character, from possibly fatal exposure following his collapse on the pier on a recent cold night.

Buck Dan (whom no one appears to know by any other name) prob-

# "WOLVERINE"

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### Does this mean anything to you?

CITY	OCTOBER		SEPTEMBER		AUGUST	
	Gasoline	Kerosene	Gasoline	Kerosene	Gasoline	Kerosene
New York.....	26	13	26	13	26	13
New Orleans.....	18.5	9	18.5	9	19.5	10
Cleveland.....	21	12	21	12	21	13
Detroit.....	18.9	9.7	18.9	9.7	18.9	9.7
Chicago.....	19	8.5	19	8.5	20	8.5
San Francisco....	23	14.5	23	14.5	23	14.5
Boston.....	27	14	27	14	27	14

### "WOLVERINE" ENGINES USE KEROSENE

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## WOLVERINE MOTOR WORKS

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ably would have remained where he was throughout the night. He is a man probably fifty years old, of slight stature, and has been for a long time an habitue at the pier.

Rover discovered Dan under the arch. Failing to attract attention by barking, the dog, according to the story, fastened his teeth in the insensible man's clothing and dragged him approximately seventy-five feet to the west side of the pier, near where the fishing schooner Progress was berthed. At close range the dog

succeeded in routing out members of the Progress's crew, and these carried Buck Dan aboard the schooner, where he remained until he had recovered from the effects of his experience.

—○—

Schooner Marechal Foch, Captain Dan McDonald, arrived at Gloucester, March 16, from Quero with 9,000 weight halibut and 12,000 pounds salt fish. Captain McDonald cut short his trip on account of illness.

***For Best Returns***

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DAILY RETURNS

**LORRAINE FISH CO., Inc.**

WHOLESALE COMMISSION

**FISH DEALERS**

FULTON MARKET

NEW YORK

**Another Reply**

(Continued from page 11).

if the "Gloucester schooner" had not been the wonderful vessel that she is? A type capable of weathering any gale on the seven seas that ever blew; a vessel to always attract the eye and hold the attention of "men who go down to the sea in ships" in any port she may happen to drop anchor; such is the Gloucester schooner and more. No! there is nothing wrong.

How the average age—seven years—is arrived at by Mr. Herreshoff I don't know, but the average age of the Gloucester schooner, if kept afloat and in ordinary repair, will approximate nearer 25 years. This statement can be verified by looking up the records of many schooners built on Cape Ann that are still in service. Many of them are now fishing in Southern waters and the Gulf of Mexico, some sailing the Spanish Main, and a few engaged in whaling. Others are running packet and trading between the Madeira, Canary and Western Islands and Atlantic ports. It is reported some are engaged in the lumber trade. A few are owned in Norway and engaged in the herring fishery of Iceland. All meet "Old Neptune" at times in his fiercest moods and still are going strong at 20, 25 and even 30 years of age. Are they of "rotten frames, poor fastenings and only held together by Portland cement"? No!

The average Gloucester schooner requires very little repairs up to 18 or 20 years when, if kept in constant use in fresh fishing, she may need new decks and waterways and some minor repairs above the waterline, although in many instances decks last for twenty-five years or more. A great deal depends of course on what care has been taken of the vessel and in what kind of fishing engaged.

Nearly a year ago the writer installed four gasoline engines in two schooners, both built and launched in the summer and fall of 1902; one from an Essex yard and the other from Gloucester. It was necessary

to cut through both frames and plankings about four feet below the waterline in order to put in shaft logs. The vessel built in the Essex yard showed no rot or decay on either frames or planking; the one built in Gloucester showed very little and was in good condition.

The auxiliary motor was first installed in the Gloucester schooner, mainly to enable the vessel to get to market in calms and not because she was not "perfectly balanced nor designed by a trained naval architect."

After a few schooners had installed small motors in proportion to the size of the vessel, other owners saw the advantage and installed larger power plants, reducing the sail plan at the same time. In some cases new vessels were built on designs which were thought to be more adapted for larger power plants, and short spars with very small sail area, resulting in a much different type from the typical "Gloucester schooner."

This type of schooner will not sail, handle or steer under sail alone as the ones with the large sail area and smaller power.

It is true the crew of today do not take the interest in the vessels which they should, at least it seems that way to many—but the cause is not one of "rotten frames and poorly fastened, clumsy crates." The reason can be looked for farther afield and does not come within the scope of this article.

Undoubtedly there will be many fine vessels built in the future on Cape Ann for the able master mariners and crews of the Bay State to "sail the blue" and bring to market the wealth of the sea.

Can "scientific construction double the life" of these vessels? If so they will be so far out of date before going to "Davy Jones" as to be of no commercial value and perhaps, if "the little paint not used on the frames and inside of the planking" in the years past, can be applied, it may prolong the life of the schooner to such an age that if allowed to stay afloat would in turn only be a clumsy unmanageable freak, and in

the way of the "scientifically designed and constructed" vessel of that period.

The "second-class designers and rule of thumb builders" of the "Gloucester schooner" can well feel proud of their achievements of the past and can rest assured their names will be heard in song and story, together with the able men who sail the vessels, long after the epitaph of sail and the "Gloucester schooner" is written.

H. LONGWORTHY,

Noank, Conn.

**NEW FISH CONCERN**

**T**HE Portland Salt Fish Company, a new corporation, has recently begun doing business in Portland, Me. It is composed of three well-known fish men, namely, Walter I. Locke, L. H. Palmer and John L. Freiburg.

The new company has leased the large establishment on the end of Commercial Wharf, Portland, formerly occupied by Rundlett & Company, and will handle salted cod, pollock and other fish, smoked fish, bloaters and boneless herring.

**GLASS-BOTTOMED BOATS**

So beautiful is the "scenery" under the sea around the Island of Santa Catalina, Cal., that small steamers, with glass bottoms, are run to enable the passengers to enjoy and study the beauties of the deep.

Part of the bottom of these boats is made of glass and railed off, having sitting accommodation all round. The water is wonderfully clear, and the passengers see vast forests of seaweed in the ocean beneath, with red and white fish swimming about.

In Avelond Bay, these glass-bottomed boats cruise around the Sugar Loaf Rock, where divers go down for abalone shells. So clear is the water that their movements are watched with breathless interest by the passengers through the glass.

A cruise of this sort is a wonderful lesson in "life under the sea," where one can watch in perfect comfort and dryness all the wonderful beauties and mysteries of the deep.

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MASS.**American Copper Paint  
Old Style Copper Paint**

either in

**Red or Brown Color****New Bedford Copper  
Bronze**

Manufactured by

**George Kirby Jr. Paint Company**

New Bedford, Mass.

**NANTUCKET'S FISHERIES OF  
TODAY**

The magnitude of Nantucket's mid-winter fisheries is apparent when one scans the petition which is to be sent to Washington in the effort to have an opening cut through the beach at the head of the harbor, in order to make a short cut to the fishing grounds and thereby save the long and rough passage out around Great Point (a passage of from three to four hours) and at the same time to convert the upper harbor into a "harbor of refuge".

There are over 200 signatures to this petition, names of owners and captains of fishing boats engaged in the Nantucket fisheries. A total of 82 boats are represented by the petitioners, and the total valuation placed on these boats is \$431,000.

We hardly believe that the average person realizes to what extent

Nantucket's fisheries have grown in recent years. Boats valued at \$431,000 plying out of Nantucket in connection with the island's winter fisheries! Only a few years ago the fishing was all done in dories and small catboats. Times really have changed!—Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror.

**BLUENOSE'S PROFIT**

The schooner Bluenose, champion of the North Atlantic fishing fleets, made a profit of \$6,386 during the first year. She cost \$35,580 to build. Her fishing voyages last summer netted \$1,862, and her profits on two freighting trips to the West Indies were \$2,020. In races she won \$5,000 prize money.

Quahaugging seems to have taken the place of scalloping with a great many of the fishermen of Nantucket.





Mills of the Fish Net &amp; Twine Co., Jersey City, N. J.

**THE FISH NET & TWINE CO., 310-312 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, N. J.**  
**MILWAUKEE, WIS. RICHMOND, VA.**

## FISH NETTING and NET FITTINGS

**With a National Reputation**

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Only with the best at the start—combined with experienced workmanship—is it possible to obtain the highest standard of value maintained by

### A TRUE STORY OF A BLACK CAT AND SHIPWRECK

By WALTER E. CHURCH.

**I**N 1873 I started to follow the sea. I was then 12 years old. I always had good luck until 1898, when I met with misfortune in August of that year.

I was in the schooner *Bertram N. White*. We loaded coal in Baltimore for Porto Rico and on the morning of the 24th a black cat came aboard. We sailed at 4 P. M. and at 10 P. M. we ran ashore and floated again at 3 A. M. of the 25th. Then all went well until Sept. 2, when we ran into a gale in which we lost all our sails. After the storm we bent all new sails and went on our way, arriving in Porto Rico Sept. 13.

On the morning of the 15th we discovered a fire in the engine room. We called for help and the hospital ship "*Bay State*" came to our assistance and flooded the fire. The damage was estimated at \$4,000. We repaired the engine, discharged the coal and borrowed sails from the schooner *Charles Davenport* and proceeded on toward Jacksonville, Fla. When we were off Abaco Islands we took another gale and lost our borrowed sails, which compelled us to anchor. When she stopped dragging her anchor she was about 10 feet from the coral reefs. After the storm abated we sent our topsails down and used them for lower sails, which took us over to Jacksonville. We went through some light repairs on the schooner, so we could bring her North again, then we wired the owner and he had six lower sails shipped us from New York.

We then loaded lumber for Philadelphia, sailing the 17th of November. All went well until Nov. 26, when the black cat commenced to play about, running up into the rigging and jumping around. I told the crew we would have a gale. We were at the time having a five-knot breeze until 3 P. M., when the wind increased to a gale. We double-reefed her all around. At 10 P. M. the reef points cut our foresail and mainsail so they blew away. That compelled us to heave to under a two-reefed spanker and forestaysail. At that time we were within 80 miles of the capes of Delaware. The wind then blew at hurricane force. On the morning of the 27th the cat still kept up her antics. At 8 P. M. our large boat was taken from the davits by a sea. At 10 P. M. we sounded the pumps and found six feet of water in her. We started the steam pump, which threw an 8-inch stream. We got her pumped out on the 28th at 9 A. M. Then a big sea boarded her and washed away one side of the cabin, which flooded the cabin, spoiling all our provisions and leaving us with nothing to eat. At 2 P. M. another sea boarded her, sending the deckload through the forward house, which destroyed the sailors' quarters and galley.

On the morning of the 29th the spanker sheet slipped and all hands were called aft. At the same time another sea boarded her, throwing the mate onto the bit, crushing his stomach in. As soon as we could remove the mate to other quarters we began throwing the deckload overboard, when another sea board-

ed her, washing the little boat from the deck and catching the second mate between two timbers, breaking both his legs. That gave us the two mates to look after.

On the morning of the 30th the wind increased, taking the two-reefed spanker from the bolt rope, leaving us no sails. She swung off in the trough of the sea. Another big sea came, taking the boiler and pumps and the hand pumps were choked. She rapidly filled.

On Dec. 1st she went on her beam ends. We crawled along on the side of her and cut the rigging, which let the spars go, and she righted up. The black cat was never seen from that time.

From now on we were just watching for some steamer or sailing vessel, when on the third at 6 A. M. the tramp steamer *Eric* was sighted, and at 9 A. M. we were all landed safely on board of her, bound for Holland, which took us 17 days.

The captain of the steamer did all her could to make our two mates comfortable, and on arriving had them put in the hospital, and we were cared for at the Sailors' Home until the American consul sent us to New York on the steamer *Amsterdam*.

We brought the second mate back to New York, but were obliged to leave the mate in Holland.

I arrived home at Jonesport, Me., on the ninth day of January, 1899. Had been home about a week when I got word from American consul the mate had died.

I lay all this trouble to the black cat that came aboard in Baltimore.

# "TANGLEFIN" GILL NETTING

MANUFACTURED FROM

Linen, Cotton and Genuine Sea Island Cotton Twines

## NATIONAL NET AND TWINE CO.

EAST HADDAM, CONN.

"Factory to Fishery, One Price to All"

### SIGNS OF MACKEREL

Captain Fred Chetwynd of the schooner Ethel B. Penny, which arrived at Boston, made a rather encouraging announcement regarding mackerel, and it is possible that there will be an early run of the wily mackerel this spring.

In making a set off Highland Light, several large codfish were pulled in which contained a basketful of good-sized tinker mackerel.

A short time previous to this discovery, Captain Chetwynd reported seeing fish of some kind schooling in the vicinity. He was unable to tell what they were, but was convinced after the discovery in the codfish's stomach that they were mackerel.

Several of the Gloucester mackerel fishermen, who have been South all winter in the snapper fisheries at Pensacola have returned to go sein-ing. Among them are Charles Lovett, Fred Welsh, John McLean and Edward Johnson. They report a poor season in the South, but are looking forward to a good season on the mackerel.

The beam trawler Mariner, Captain John Shea of Gloucester, took several mackerel the first of March in her drag, while fishing in the channel. The fish averaged a pound apiece.

Porpoises have been seen off Cape May, N. J., the week beginning Feb. 26. Fishermen claim the porpoises are almost 30 days ahead of schedule in these waters and a sure sign

of an early run of mackerel along the Atlantic coast off the Jersey shore. Cod fishermen returning with big catches report that the porpoises have been seen off the Five Fathom Bank Lightship since the middle of February.

### ATLANTIC SUPPLY COMPANY LAUNCHED

THE splendid Atlantic Maritime Company wharf property on Rogers street, Gloucester, comprising one of the best wharf sites and suitable buildings for the operation of fishing fleets, has been sold to the Atlantic Supply Company, a new Gloucester corporation, backed by local capital. The new company took possession March 13.

The new company will be capitalized for \$30,000. Charles A. Steele is president, Joseph B. Langsford, treasurer, and Benjamin Pine, manager. These with J. Norman Abbott and Captain James Mason will be the directors.

The company plans to do a general outfitting business and handle everything necessary for the fishing vessel and will also operate vessels. Although Mr. Pine will be the manager, James McShara, who has had a large experience in this line, being for years with the late Captain Jerome McDonald, and more recently with the Atlantic Maritime Company, will remain in the employ of the new concern.

The large fleet of vessels now op-

erated by Langsford & Pine will move shortly to the new location, and will be operated from this wharf which is in fine condition, roomy and well adapted to the purposes.

### 1921 SARDINE PACK IS THINNING OUT

Owing to the short pack last season of Maine sardines, there is every prospect that stocks will be worked off by the time the canning season opens on April 15. An indication of this is the advance of 10 cents per case on keyless  $\frac{1}{4}$  oils. A further advance is forecasted in the near future on the latter, as well as on "Mustards."

## ARTHUR C. HARVEY CO.

### STEEL AND IRON

of All Sizes and Kinds

Heavy Hardware Chains

BOSTON, MASS.

LARGEST DEALER'S  
WAREHOUSE IN UNITED STATES

WANTED.—Power cruiser, between 30-40 feet. Must have full cabin and be in first class condition; preferably one accommodating 6 or more bunks. Write giving description and if possible picture to A. B. C., care of Atlantic Fisherman, 100 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

## BOLINDERS

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— PRACTICALLY THE LAST

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## MARINE ENGINES

THE MATERIAL — IS THERE

**COMPANY, Inc.**  
53 STATE ST., BOSTON



Ask for them at your dealers or write us

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THAT SUIT THE FISHERMEN

The man who makes fishing his business wears "oilers" every working day, rain or shine, and must have a suit that will stand more than the usual amount of hard usage

VICTOR SUITS "SATISFY THE FISHERMAN"

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**HENDERSON & JOHNSON**

FOR BOTTOMS OF RACING YACHTS.  TO PREVENT ALL MARINE GROWTH.

GREEN IN COLOR

**GLOUCESTER YACHT COPPER PAINT**

**DIRECTIONS FOR USE**  
This paint must be thoroughly stirred while applying as in this way you will have an even per cent of copper over the whole bottom.  
Add nothing to this paint as it is prepared ready for use

THIS PAINT IS NOTED FOR ITS SMOOTHNESS.

Manufactory & Office - GLOUCESTER, MASS. U.S.A.

WILL BE NAMED HENRY FORD

Captain Morrissey's New Schooner to Be Launched April 10

**W**ORD comes from Gloucester that the second of the new schooners to be completed at Essex this year—built primarily as fishermen, but with an eye to the International Fishermen's Races—will bear the name of Henry Ford at her stern.

Arthur Story, her builder, expects to send her down the ways April 10. Following the ceremony she will be taken to Gloucester for fitting.

This new product of the able hand of Tom McManus is touted by critics as a sure-enough winner, even if pitted against the Mayflower. She is one of the cleanest lined, smoothest cut vessels ever turned out of the famous Essex shipyards.

Captain Clayton Morrissey, managing owner of the new craft, will be her master.

## FISHERMEN

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WATER

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**DEEP SEA FISHERIES, Inc.**

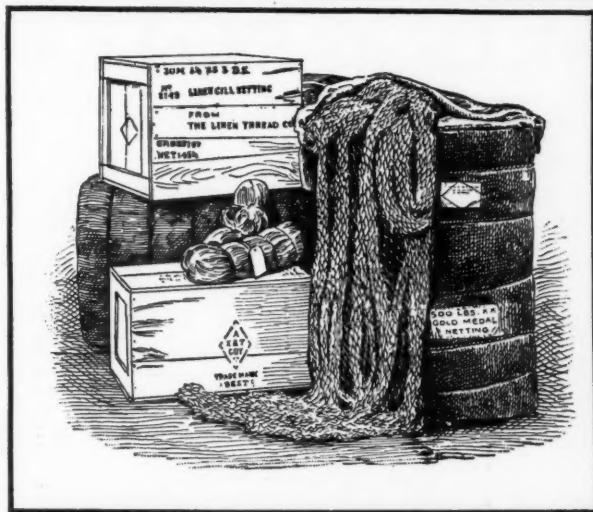
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**EVERYTHING  
 FOR FISHERMEN**

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 fitted complete in any  
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**LINEN  
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 GLOUCESTER  
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 and  
 SAN FRANCISCO

#### CAPT. PEEPLES RE-ELECTED

At the annual meeting of the Gloucester Master Mariners' Association the following officers were elected:

President—Capt. George H. Peeples

Vice-president—Capt. Charles H. Harty.

Secretary—David D. Winchester.

Treasurer—Alexander J. Chisholm.

Directors—Capts. Norman A. Ross, John J. Matheson, Reuben Cameron,

Edward A. Proctor, Patrick J. Murphy, Jacob P. Barrett and James H. Mason.



CAPTAIN GEORGE H. PEEPLES

#### REMOVE WATCH FROM CODFISH

A Waltham watch in a gold-filled case was removed from a codfish at Howard Hodgkins Company's wharf at Rockport recently.

After dressing fish, the men were cleaning up when one of them saw something shining. On investigation, they found it was a watch. It was in the poke of a codfish, and in dressing the fish the poke was cut sufficiently to have the gold case show.

This is the second time that a timepiece has been found in a fish landed at this establishment within a year. The other was a round alarm clock which was taken from a 60-pound cod some time ago.

Hundreds of whales recently drove the Portland (Me.) fishing schooner Pilot from the Jeffrey's fishing banks, 40 miles from port. The vessel carefully zigzagged its way through the swarms of sea monsters and eventually picked up all of the dories that were in danger of being smashed to bits.

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**Largest Receivers of Nova Scotia and Maine Lobsters**

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STEAM TARRED LINES

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Essex, Mass.Office  
Gloucester, Mass.**JOHN CHISHOLM & SON**

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35 Wharf St. Gloucester, Mass.

Dealers in  
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Sails, Awnings, Hammocks  
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Railway Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

We take boats directly from the builder and equip them ready for the sea  
Boats Overhauled

M. J. COONEY, Manager

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**PORTLAND FISH NOTES**

By C. A. FRANCIS.

**F**EBRUARY 27. Fish receipts here today were the largest in many years. More than 300,000 pounds of ground fish were landed by nine vessels and one beam trawler and the small Hampton boats.

The schooners and their fares follow: Lochinvar, 25,000 pounds; Angie B. Watson, 25,000 pounds; Albert Black, 25,000 pounds; Eleanor, 40,000 pounds; Richard Noonan, 25,000 pounds; Alice M. Doughty, 25,000 pounds; Albert Willard, 20,000 pounds, and the steam trawler Plover with 110,000 pounds of cod and haddock, which went to the Burnham-Morrill Company to can.

Prices are low. Cod, \$2 to \$4.50; haddock, \$4; hake, \$3; cusk, \$1.50; lobster, 40 cents per pound live weight.

March 11. The fishing so far this month has been fairly good, with prices on all kinds of ground fish quite low all the time. Cod, \$1.50 to \$3.50; haddock, \$3.50; hake, \$2.50; cusk, \$1.50, and pollock, \$2.50 per hundredweight.

The vessels have been getting fair trips on Jeffries Bank, mostly haddock.

The steam trawlers Snipe with 235,000 pounds, Plover with 250,000 pounds, Coot with 225,000 pounds, and Sheldrake with 170,000 pounds of cod and haddock have landed their fares at the Burnham-Morrill plant to be canned. There has been over a million pounds of fish landed at the Burnham-Morrill plant in the past few weeks.

The seining will start soon and some of the fishermen are commencing

to overhaul and get their seines ready for the coming season.

Lobsters are scarce, the dealers paying 45 cents per pound for live lobsters from the boats.

March 15. Schooners Sunapee, Albert W. Black, Richard Numan, Alice M. Doughty and Lochinvar arrived yesterday with good trips, the Albert W. Black being high line with 3,000.

Lobsters are high, the fishermen receiving 50 cents a pound.

Schooner Alice Doughty, Captain Reuben Doughty, and schooner Sunapee, Captain Ed Smith, have hauled out of the winter haddock fishing and will start to fit for Southern mackerel netting.

Schooner Albert Black, Captain Granville Johnson, has had a very successful winter, his crew sharing between \$700 and \$800 to date.

Beam trawler Plover arrives today with 160,000 pounds of cod and haddock for Burnham-Morrill Co.

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OUTFITTERS  
AND  
REPAIRERS

AGENTS  
HUBBARD ENGINES

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Maine's Reliable Lobster Dealer

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44 Portland Pier, Portland, Me.

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12 COMMERCIAL WHARF  
PORTLAND, ME.

### THE GRACE CLINTON BLOWS UP

Another fishing boat has blown up and there is another object lesson to show why extreme care should be shown by the men who go out to sea nowadays in gasoline driven boats. This time it was the Grace Clinton and the accident happened somewhere in Long Island sound. One or two of the men on board were in-

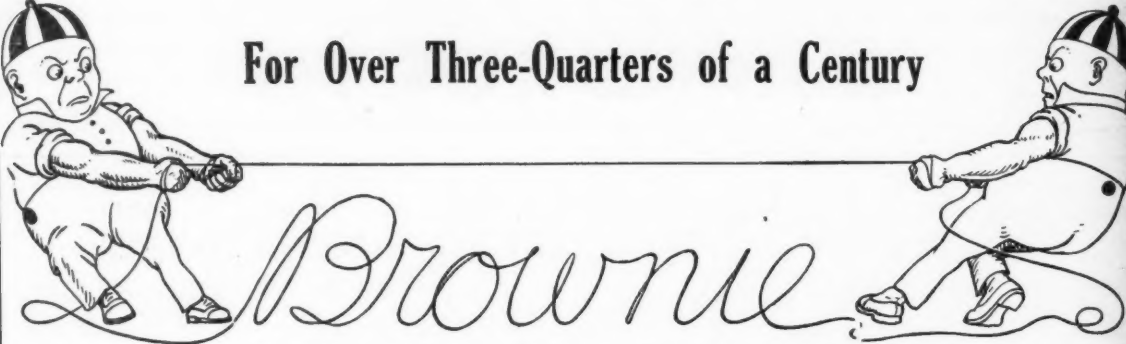
jured and it is said the boat is a total loss. The Grace Clinton was formerly a seiner, sailing out of Provincetown and Boston, as well as Nantucket. More recently, however, she has been otter trawling out of the last named port. She was owned by Capt. George O'Neill, but he was not on board the boat when the accident occurred, being at his home in Nantucket. Elmer Fortin of Nan-

tucket was quite severely injured in the explosion.



Fire broke out in a small building on the Walen wharf, Gloucester, occupied by J. Arthur Woodbury, Mar. 10, and caused a loss of about \$7,000, chiefly to fishing gear belonging to local mackerel netters. The cause is unknown.





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**BROWNELL & CO.,** **Moodus, Conn.**

### MYSTERY SURROUNDS NEW CANADIAN SCHOONER

ONLY the most meagre reports come from Lunenburg, N. S., as to the new race contender now nearing completion. It is said that C. E. Nicholson, the noted British naval architect, designer of the Shamrock IV., the last British America's cup challenger, has laid down the lines of the new Canadian contender. Rumor also has it that her construction is to be under the immediate direction of an expert sent across the water for the express purpose of seeing to it that her designer's plans are adhered to in the minutest detail.

Such are the reports and rumors, yet no definite information seems to be available from Canada. The inference is that the Canadians desire to spring a surprise and are not seeking publicity at the present time.

A remonstrance against such needless secrecy is voiced by F. T. Wood of Fall River, naval architect, who points out that there cannot be any radical features about the new vessel that American designers will wish to copy. Mr. Wood asserts that all prominent designers are agreed as to the qualities desired and the means required to produce a successful and fast fisherman. He says:

"If a dozen prominent naval architects of this country were asked to turn out a 'limit boat' as a Halifax cup contender, there wouldn't be a difference worth talking about in their productions as regards shape of hull. It is the points relating to sail and hull balance, the matter of displacement and the particular kind of weather served out on the days of racing which would determine the result.

"The fact that the Canadian boat is designed by Mr. Nicholson does not seem any reason to American naval architects for this secrecy with regard to the new Canadian contender. In the opinion of many naval architects in the United States there is nothing to be gained by the suppression of the details of this boat, as, if there is anything radical about her, the Halifax cup committee, otherwise known as trustees of the trophy, may be depended on effectually to squelch it by disbarment.

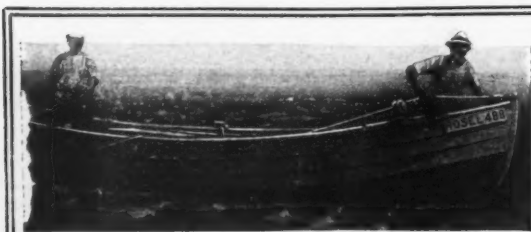
"Americans have not made a 'limit' effort to win the trophy this year, so, if the cup is won by them this year through the Mayflower as the representative schooner over a vessel of this year's build it will be rather to the discredit of the British designing, while, if an undersized

boat is pitted against the Canadian by the Americans, and loses, it may fairly be claimed that her size defeated her. The writer is for publicity regarding the plans of the projected and successful existing fishing vessels, as rival designers do not copy from others, but, naturally prefer their own ideas.

"It would be of immense interest to the public if the lines and sail plans of the fishing schooners, both British and American, mentioned as probable contenders for the international trophy, were published. It is desirable from the standpoint of designers to enjoin secrecy as regards the design and construction of a yacht produced for the special purpose of winning a particular cup, as such a boat may have radical features which the designer desires to keep under cover. But the case of a fishing schooner is different because radical departures from the proven type of vessel are taboo."

### SEALING FLEET LEAVES PORT

The last of the sealing fleet of nine ships left for the ice fields March 9. The ships are: Terra Nova, Eagle, Ranger, Viking, Neptune, Thetis, Diana, Seal and Sagona. They carry about 1,300 men.



### A FISHERMAN'S MOTOR

The new models "N J M" Motors, No. 5, 10-15 h.p., at \$375 and No. 6, 15-20 h.p., at \$500, complete (parts interchangeable with Ford) are, we believe, the greatest motor values ever offered to fishermen.

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